

Yet Another Flying Officer Killed on Salisbury Plain: Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

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FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1914

One Halfpenny.

BLIND MAN'S ADDRESS TO THE KING AND QUEEN: HIS MAJESTY OPENS NEW INSTITUTE



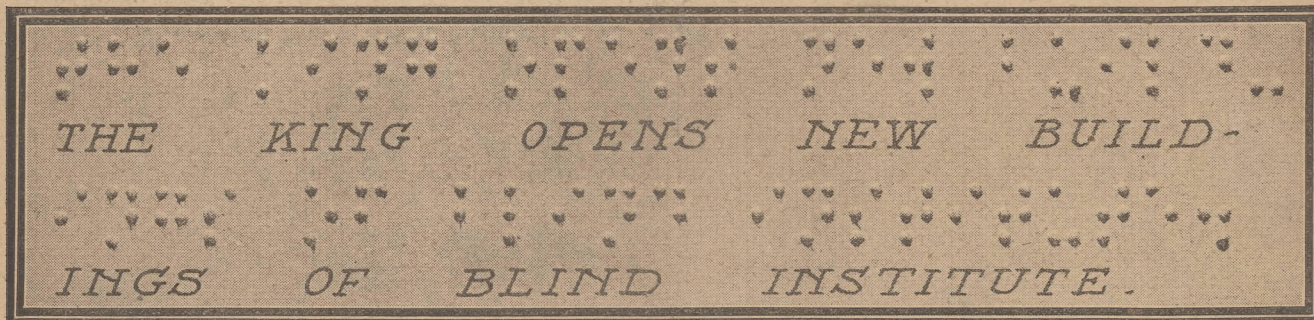
Dr. Ranger (x), who is blind, reading an address to the King and Queen from Braille type. The Bishop of London is also seen in the picture.



Though they could not see their Majesties, the children cheered heartily.



The suffragette who threw handbills, apparently aimed at the King.



These dots are Braille type, which the blind trace with their fingers. The words are: "The King opens new buildings of Blind Institute."

Their Majesties were cheered by hundreds of their subjects who will never know what it is to see them, when they drove to Great Portland-street yesterday to open the premises of the National Institute of the Blind. The chief work of the institute is the printing and distributing to libraries of Braille books and music. To those who cannot

see literature is practically the only distraction and solace, and the poor who have no access to Braille books are to be pitied deeply. At the ceremony a blind man read the address, a blind choir sang the National Anthem, and the accompaniment was played by a blind organist.—(*Daily Mirror*, Topical and L.N.A.)

Scottie leaped to his feet and his voice shook with excitement. "Thank God, sir, ye've saved Coolongolong."

"I know you agree with him," said Ess, "because it's an excuse for your own possible wickedness." "That's hitting below the belt," said Steve.

Magnificent Romance of AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

GRAPHIC pen pictures of a great drought on a sheep station and of an overwhelming flood that followed—an intensely realistic description of the life and work of those hardy settlers who fight the forces of Nature in the back blocks of Australia—a palpitating human love story centred round a fascinating heroine and a man with a bad name. Such are the elements which combine to make "Unstable as Water," Boyd Cable's magnificent romance of Australian life, one of the finest novels that has ever appeared in any magazine. You can and ought to begin the first instalment to-day in

THE **LONDON.**
Out to-day, 6d.

Before Ess went to bed she stood long looking out of her window. "I'm not going to love him," she said to herself.

"I haven't the faintest wish to fall in love with you, and there is no need for me to have, any more than there is for you—"

"Two or three pairs of stockings, and a change of under-things," he instructed. He heard a smothered laugh. Then: "Yes," she answered, very meekly.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

"Man Overboard."

Lord Charles Beresford, who delivered a characteristically slashing attack on Mr. Churchill the other evening in Parliament, has always been as courageous in action as in speech. Years ago when his ship was off the Falkland Islands a man fell overboard. Seizing a coil of rope, Lord Charles leapt fully clad into the sea. "I went down and down and down," he said afterwards, "until I began to think that the other end of the rope was not fastened to anything."

Met Fifteen Years Afterwards.

He got his man, however, and the two were hauled back to safety. Fifteen years afterwards, while he was speaking at a public meeting, there was a scuffle at the back of the hall, and Lord Charles ordered the "interrupter" on to the platform. It was the man he had rescued who wanted to shake hands with him.

Accidents on the Riviera.

Mr. Balfour's accident while motoring on the Riviera reminds me of the difficulties of avoiding certain kinds of "accidents" there. Motorists who have had to travel through the Italian quarter of Marseilles will understand what I mean.

The streets are generally crowded, and the thrifty Italian mother, with an eye to gain, has an unpleasant habit of pushing her child against the side of a passing car. Of course, the child falls down, and instantly the motorist is the centre of an excited and gesticulating mob threatening vengeance and willing to carry out the threat, too.

They Make a Good Living Out of It.

The hapless motorist has no option but to soothe the angry mother with money. It generally costs him all the ready money he has with him, and then he is grudgingly allowed to depart amid the howls and execrations of the mob.

I am told that many families in this quarter of Marseilles make a profitable living out of their "injured" children.

John Burns and Elocution.

I was in the House of Commons lobby one afternoon this week, and overheard Mr. John Burns giving some much-needed hints on plain speaking to the messenger whose duty it is to inform the visitor who has waited the customary forty-five or fifty minutes to see a member, that he is not within the precincts of St. Stephen's.

The Messenger's Method.

The messenger's general method is to advance to the entrance to the lobby and shout: "Carsreturmembmsnowof," which, translated into English, means: "Cards returned. Members not found." He then reels off a string of names telescoping into one another.

"There is no need to shout like that," said Mr. John Burns to the messenger the other day. "If you spoke in your natural voice people would understand you—much better."

The Play That is Going to Create Fashions.

A friend who returned from Paris yesterday has been telling me all about the production of M. Frondaie's wonderful verse play, "Aphrodite," at the Renaissance Theatre on Wednesday night.

Nobody worried much about the play itself, he says. The audience spent the evening in discussing the Calmette tragedy and scrutinising Poiret's amazing costumes through their opera glasses.

The costumes of the old Greek and Egyptian periods were very handsome, the wearers appearing with bare feet and golden sandals. Silver cloth was employed in the coiffures, and there was a lavish display of gold and silver in the costumes of the courtesans.

Gorgeous Colours.

Gold, silver, green—in fact, every colour of beads was used in great quantities. The dress of Queen Bérénice had a glistening train of silver cloth covered with pearls.

The slaves and the women of the people wore dresses of soft bi-coloured silk, with large-pattern flowers in new Martine designs, and carried very small parasols with handles more than a yard long.

Bacchys, the courtesan who is crucified during the play, had a handsome gold girdle. Many of the actresses had coloured wigs, a favourite shade being emerald-green.

Not in His Time.

This friend, by the way, tells me he was talking to an old sailor while crossing from Calais to Dover, and, among other things, he asked him if he thought the two countries had been joined by land years ago.

The old man shook his head. "No, they didn't used to be joined, sir," he said. "I know. I've been on this service forty-five years."

Fay Compton's Return to the Stage.

Miss Fay Compton, Mr. H. G. Pellissier's young widow, is reappearing on the stage on Saturday night in "The Pearl Girl." Miss Compton, who is not yet twenty-one, made her debut with the Follies, and her romantic marriage quickly followed.

She is a daughter of Edward Compton, of Comedy Company fame, and a niece of Mrs. R. C. Carton. Her brother is Mr. Compton Mackenzie, whose novels have recently achieved the success of being banned.

A Pet Grievance.

I have a pet grievance of my own against people who cannot or will not write letters properly. The person who begins a letter on page 1 then jumps to the back page or the third page and finishes on some other page is a nuisance.

The proper way to write a letter is to begin on page 1, continue on pages 2, 3 and 4 in sequence, but this not one correspondent in ten will do; why, goodness only knows.

We Must Learn American.

Isn't it time our schools of languages added American to their curriculum? Reading a leading Chicago daily newspaper yesterday, I came across this:—

William A. Brady early in life discovered that he was a buzz saw. Competitors tried to crowd him. He showed his teeth, and chopped onto them with both feet, and doubled with his mits. When they hollered "enough," he let them up, helped save their wounds, and called it square. After that they were good—and the word to the left went out.

Later I read of Mr. Brady that

He never was a piker in anything. Many a time he has lost on the turn of a card what the rest of us would consider a fortune. He thinks in skyscraper figures. He can take a shooting and stretch it into an Atlantic cable. He can make a nickel look like a million dollars! Now I want to know what it is all about.

Buried Treasure.

The London Museum's romantic find of buried jewels will probably stimulate people with back gardens in the City neighbourhood to begin treasure trove excavations.

A pit in the ground is the most primitive form of bank or safe deposit, and in parts of the East to this day the people would rather trust their wealth to Mother Earth than to the new-fangled bank.

Rather Borrow Than Dig.

A learned antiquary at the British Museum once told me that he had dealings with a man in Asia Minor who must have been worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, yet the whole of his fortune was buried somewhere near his house.

"I have known that man borrow money at a high rate of interest rather than dig up a few hundred English sovereigns that I know he had hidden somewhere under his floor," he said.

To-day's Crumble.

Mr. Paul Rubens adds a growl to my list to-day. His grievance concerns the growing tendency of women to dress conspicuously and to use "make-up."

"I like to think there are still some modest, genuine women," he writes, "and to feel that there are still some ladies, to use the old-fashioned term. "At one time one could distinguish between ladies and others; now it seems that ladies wish to be mistaken for others, to judge from their general appearance."

"And the result of this is, I am sure, to cause many men to grow disgusted with their wives and daughters and to lose that reverence and respect for women they once possessed."

The Champion.

I surrender. An advertisement in yesterday's *Times* beats all the "Agonies" I wrote to you from which I had hoped to gain an easy living. It reads:—

£5,000,000 STEERING Required to run an absolutely independent Daily Paper with capital to advocate reform under the motto Insurance for All. Address U 544.



Mr. Paul Rubens.

Tennis Champion.

Mr. Jay Gould, who has won the world's tennis championship by defeating George Covey, our professional champion, is a fortunate youth, for his father is a multi-millionaire American railway "king," and his mother is famous for her beauty.

Mrs. George Gould was Miss Edith Kingdon, an actress in the company of Augustin Daly, the New York actor-manager, playing at Daly's Theatre when the young millionaire fell in love with and married her.

She was the first American actress to marry a noted millionaire. Her daughter married Lord Decies in New York a few years ago.

A. B. at the Empire.

Mr. Alfred Butt, who now holds the unique position of controlling two such famous variety theatres as the Palace and the Empire, is known as the "gentleman of the variety business."

He began life as an accountant, and determined, when in his teens, to make £1,000 a year before he was thirty. During his many journeys to the Continent in search of novelties Mr. Butt has had many strange experiences.

Mr. Butt as a Curtain-Raiser.

Once he forgot to take an evening dress suit with him, and at Budapest he discovered that the "turn" he had travelled so far to see would only give a private performance, which would be attended by all sorts of distinguished people and State dignitaries.

The suggestion of allowing anyone to enter the salon in morning dress sent a thrill of horror through the management.

To raise the curtain, however, was the work of two men. Mr. Butt interviewed one, who, as a result, became mysteriously and suddenly ill, and his place was taken by the Palace manager.

A Defence of the Sheep Dog.

From Scotland a correspondent writes me in defence of the sheep dog. He takes exception to the remarks of a French landowner I published the other day, which suggested that the sheep dog ate too much, and that any little terrier would do to look after sheep.

Sheep dogs in Scotland, my correspondent says, cost about 3s. a week to keep, and they feed chiefly on oatmeal, husks and milk.

Brought Back a Pig.

There is no doubt that the sheep dog has an hereditary instinct for sheep-foddering.

I knew a man who had a sheep dog pup and brought it up for many months in London. The animal had never seen a sheep in its life, yet the first time it was taken into the country it surprised and embarrassed its worthy and respectable owner by getting loose and bringing back to the house where he was staying five sheep.

Later it escaped again and brought back a white pig.

Its instinct failed there; the Cockney-bred dog could not distinguish between the two light-coloured animals. **THE RAMBLER.**

CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING

Sister's Story of London Builder Who Deserted from the Army.

The story of the wife who was cut off with a shilling by her husband's will was continued in the Probate Division yesterday.

The action concerned the £7,700 estate of the late Mr. David Nathaniel Oment, retired builder, of Winchester Hill, who died in May last.

By a will of August, 1912, he left, amongst other bequests, £50 to his wife, but in a will made in 1913 he reduced the bequest to a shilling. The last will was propounded by Mr. Matthew J. Jarvis, solicitor, and Mr. Samuel Child, the executor. The widow asserted that at the time the will was drawn her husband was mentally incapable owing to epilepsy and chronic alcoholism. She and Mr. William Oment, a brother of the testator, set up the will of August, 1912.

When the case was resumed yesterday, Mrs. Annetta Oment, the eldest sister of the dead man, said the latter entered the Army. He deserted, and afterwards his father bought him out.

In reply to Mr. Hume Williams, she said that her brother William told her that David, at a family meeting some time after their father's funeral, had said he had made £60,000 the week before.

Mr. Victor C. Jackson, managing clerk to Mr. Jarvis, the solicitor, said Mr. Oment came to the court and gave instructions for a divorce petition against his wife.

According to the notes made at the time, he had lived with her before their marriage, and gave her jewellery worth hundreds of pounds. Mr. Oment alleged that his wife encouraged him to drink. The hearing was adjourned.

SIDE-SLIP TO DEATH.

Another Army Airman Killed While Flying at Salisbury Plain.

Want of sufficient knowledge or skill is not the most frequent cause of fatal accidents—Colonel H. C. Holden.

Another fatality occurred at the Central Flying School, Upavon, Salisbury Plain, yesterday.

The victim was Lieutenant Hugh Frederick Treble, aged twenty-six, of the 1st West Riding Regiment, whose home is at Bourne, Hampshire. This makes the fourth Army airman who has been killed this month.

While flying at a height of about 250ft. his machine side-slipped and descended nose downwards into some trees.

In the course of a lecture before the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain on Wednesday night, Colonel H. C. Holden said:—

The causes of accidents might be divided into two classes—(a) those due to the pilot and (b) those due to faulty design or mechanical failure of some portion of the aircraft.

Under (a) might be classed errors in judgment, hazardous flying, especially close to the ground, momentary loss of control, physical failure of the pilot owing to being in an unfit state, and violent stalls or other atmospheric disturbances.

Under (b) might be classed faulty design, failure of material, and faulty repairs or alterations imperfectly carried out. Taking these cases in order, it was clear that want of sufficient knowledge or skill was not the most frequent cause of fatal accidents, or more learners would have been killed than skilled pilots.

The full statement of the double fatality of a week ago has not yet been issued, and will be awaited with the greatest interest. (Photographs on pages 8 and 9.)

£4,800 DIVORCE DAMAGES.

Husband's Threat to Thrash Wife's Lover to His Last Gas.

"I will thrash you to your last gasp before I allow him to become your wife."

This threat in a husband's letter was read before Mr. Justice Baggave Deane yesterday, when Mr. Charles F. Thornley obtained a dissolution of his marriage, with £4,800 damages, on the ground of his wife's misconduct with Mr. Sydney F. Garrett.

It was stated that Mr. Thornley would settle the damages upon the child of the marriage—a boy. There had been, said counsel, a boy and girl attachment between Mr. Thornley and his wife, who was the daughter of a rich man with a well-known business in London—that of Sowers, the saddlers. Counsel believed that on her father's death the wife became entitled to £20,000 as share of his estate.

The marriage took place in 1907, and for the first three years their life was ideally happy. Mrs. Thornley, in July, 1911, met the co-respondent at Eastbourne.

Eventually the husband, complaining of the intimacy, wrote to his wife.

Argument appears to be useless. You ignore a husband who loves you with all his heart, and put your confidence in a scamp. Everything else is useless. There is nothing to do but to wait till the crash comes.

When the husband threatened to thrash the co-respondent the latter replied:—

This really is the most funny letter I have received for years. Fancy your trying to thrash me!

"HE IS DEAD."

Father Explains Why His Boy Needs No Breakfast and Then Shoots Himself.

You needn't take Willie's breakfast up, he is dead.

In these grim words George F. Beech, a Leicester outfitter, announced to his mother-in-law that he had shot his child.

His excuse was that he had been half-dressed, carrying a revolver in his hand, and then, having told the tragic news to Willie's grandmother, shot himself through the brain.

When the police arrived they found Willie dead in bed upstairs with a bullet through his brain. Beech had been depressed since his business went wrong, a few months ago, and with his wife and child was living with Mrs. Beech's parents.

A terrible double tragedy occurred at Chatham yesterday. With a wound in her throat, a woman named Bech rushed out of her house in Cromwell-terrace, screaming for assistance.

She had been attacked, she said, by a man named James Daly, a dockyard labourer, who had previously lodged with her and her daughter Ethel. Police were called, and Daly was found lying by the side of the daughter. Both were dead, with their throats cut.

On Page 12.—Two "Daily Mirror" Dress Matinees—"New Colours and Materials" at Holborn-circus to-day; Great Albert Hall Display on Wednesday next. Good-bye to the Bother of Slashed Skirts. Latest Paris Fashion Sketch.



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and see your skin grow more beautiful every day.

Every claim made for Icilma Cream is *real* and *honest*. It is different from other toilet creams and *does* give better results because of the wonderful Icilma Natural Water which it contains. The fact that this natural water *benefits the skin* and that a large proportion is incorporated in *every pot* we positively guarantee.

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A Dainty Sample Free. together with a wonderful Book on Beauty (telling all you need to know about the care of the skin, hair, teeth, &c.) will be sent to any address on receipt of a postcard. Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), 39, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W. Also makers of the famous Icilma Shampoo Sachets for Wet Shampoo, and Icilma Hair Powder for Dry Shampoo.

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SELFRIDGE'S

Fifth Anniversary Celebrations

IN to-day's "Daily Telegraph," "Daily Mail," "Daily Express," "Daily Chronicle," "Daily News," "Paris Daily Mail," "Daily Graphic," and the "Standard," we are publishing a letter by M. Fabre Luce, Vice-President of the great Banking House, Crédit Lyonnais, and another by M. David Mennet, President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, together with some interesting cartoons by Messrs. Nicholson, L. Hocknell, Marsh Brown, and Byam Shaw.

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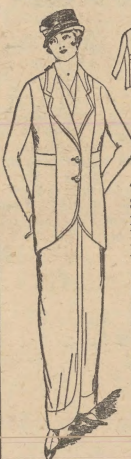
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Regent Street, LONDON, W.

A Young Girl's Pride in Her Home.

By Mrs. COURTENAY ST. MANOR.

No girl likes to receive her friends in surroundings that are shabby, where furniture covers are faded, shapeless, and marked by wear, where curtains are dusty or darkened by soot, or faded by sun and weather.

I should say that any mother who finds that her girl's visitors are fewer, and that outside amusements attract her daughter more and more, would be well advised to look at home for the explanation, viewing the furnishings for once with the same critical eye as a stranger would.

We are all too prone to look upon the unwashable fabrics like velvet, plush, velour and silks as things which may be kept clean and handsome as long as possible, but which, when at last they become soiled or creased and show signs of wear must be put aside and replaced by something new, purchased at a considerable expense. One matter how crumpled or stained or dirty, seems to offer new possibilities. The only question to be determined is *where* they can be sent with certainty that the work of cleaning, dyeing and colour-restoring will have the benefit of the greatest experience, the greatest skill, the best equipment, the best care, and at a moderate cost.

One cannot send heavy or delicate fabric household draperies to the laundry, but they can be sent away to be cleaned just as easily and safely as linen sent to the laundry; and when once one realises what miracles of beauty can be achieved in "renovating," everything in the house, no matter how crumpled or stained or dirty, seems to offer new possibilities. The only question to be determined is *where* they can be sent with certainty that the work of cleaning, dyeing and colour-restoring will have the benefit of the greatest experience, the greatest skill, the best equipment, the best care, and at a moderate cost.

I always find that the one safe course—the only course I can recommend to readers, toward whom I feel my responsibility—is to consult—Messrs. Pullars, of Perth, or their local agents.

"Pullars" is, in reality, an aggregation of a vast number of separate departments, each headed by experts, and each devoted to solely one class of work alone, because the cleaning and dyeing and renovating of carpets, for instance, is widely different from work on silk or camel-hair rugs, or from cleaning and dyeing plush or velvet, or dyeing velour or tapestry.

Some people think of Pullars only as cleaning and dyeing suits and costumes. This forms only a comparatively small part of the enormous business done by this great and famous old firm. Though each department for each different kind of material is separate and under an expert, their system is such that even the smallest individual order receives the full benefit of all the years of experience and scientific research and skill which the firm has accumulated in its long and successful history.

Anyone who mentions that she is a reader of "The Daily Mirror" will receive free on request a copy of "The Dyer's Art," which is simply invaluable. Messrs. Pullars—at whose instigation this announcement is inserted—will also send the address of their nearest agent.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1914.

"NEXT STOP—!"

MANY thousands of relatively innocent and completely unsuccessful persons trust the Business Man to-day as blindly as long ago men trusted the Priest or, later, the Man of Science; and, indeed, even if they didn't trust him, they would none the less have to put up with him, since we depend upon his being behind the scenes whenever we step on to the stage. In our streets, in our trains and omnibuses, at work or on the way to play, implicitly or under protest, we rely on the Business Man somehow to facilitate our movements. It would be terrible to lose our faith in him. We should become, if that happened, what is called "cynical" at once. Or—worse—we should write letters to the papers, complaining of the way in which the Business Man mismanages his business.

Such a lamentable lack of faith, such open rebellion, such cynicism did we come across the other night while we were trusting the Business Man (as we always do) so far as to travel westwards on the Underground.

It was a soaking night, and the rain blew in violently under all umbrellas. As a result, the train was packed. People were standing up all along the carriages—wedged, wet people whom it would have been quite impossible to extricate at any station in a hurry. We stopped in a tunnel or two and then, as by chance, we stopped at a station—we believe this is the usual procedure of what are named non-stop trains. At this station, there was quite a long pause, if not a stop, while far in the distance, as the wedged people went on with their evening papers, came a neglected cry from the porters which sounded like "Dex Op Eeling!" or something equally difficult.

At last we moved on. We moved fast and faster. We passed the next station. We passed the station after that. Alarmed glances were cast about by the timid trusters of Business Men. An aged clergyman's pince-nez fell off as we whizzed past South Kensington. Our shooting through Gloucester-road occasioned a sort of convulsion from an obvious City Man who no doubt also was in business, though not in the railway business. Dozens struggled to their feet and made as though to descend at the next station. But we did not stop at the next station, important junction though it was. We shot through. . . It was now that, from rich and poor, from high and low, came unmistakable sounds of alarm, of anger, of protest, in no gentle form, against the Business Man.

For once, it seemed, the Business Man had overshot the mark. We like him to be brisk, but sometimes he is too brisk. When you want to get out at South Kensington it is too much zeal in the Business Man to land you at Ealing after shouting "Wow Wow!" at Sloane-square. We venture to use the incident as illustrative of how decline might come to that faith in the one Iddo left to us. We fear that a wide extension of such briskness will set some cynic saying: "If the Business Man isn't business-like, what is he? If he's no use to us, what's the use of him? Because certainly he's nothing to look at."

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life, to strengthen each other in all labour, to restrain each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?—George Eliot.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 6d. at any book-stall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from "The Daily Mirror," 23, Bouvierie-street, E.C.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

LADY BANBURY'S APPEAL.

IN December last you very kindly inserted a letter for me making an appeal to those owners of dogs who were unable to pay their licence not to turn their animals adrift.

This was met with an enormous response, and over 600 animals have been rescued since Jan. 1, and have been dealt with by the Animals Hospital and Institute. Two-thirds of this number have been re-established in good homes. This good work has undoubtedly diminished the number of starving stray dogs which one sees about every year, but it has of necessity enormously increased the expenses of the hospital motor-vans and other vehicles have been hired to fetch the dogs from all parts of London and suburbs, train fares have been paid for those dogs coming from the country, and extra hands have had to be employed to cope with the situation. Therefore, will

THE "NUTS" OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY: A CONTRAST IN CLOTHES.



As our news columns remarked a day or two ago, it is nowadays almost impossible to meet a well-dressed man in the West End. "Correct" clothes have died out; or, rather, the correctness of to-day consists in rags and tatters.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

animal lovers kindly assist by forwarding a donation to the Secretary, Animals' Hospital and Institute, Kinneron-street, Knightsbridge, S.W.?

ROSA BANBURY.

A SICILIAN LANDSCAPE.

The track winds down to the clear stream,
To cross the sparkling shallows; there
The cattle love to gather, on their way
To the high mountain pastures, and to stay
Till the rough cow-herds drive them past.
Knee-deep in the cool ford; for 'tis the last
Of all the woolly, high, well-water'd dells
On Etna; and the beam
Of noon is broken there by chestnut boughs
Down its steep verdant sides; the air
Is freshen'd by the leaping stream, which throws
Eternal showers of spray on the moss'd roots
Of trees, and veins of turf, and long dark shoots
Of ivy-plants, and fragrant hanging bells
Of hyacinths, and on late anemones,
That muffle its wet banks; but glads,
And stream, and sword, and chestnut trees,
End here; Etna beyond, in the broad glare
Of the hot noon, without a shade,
Slopes behind slope, up to the peak, lies bare:
The peak, round which the white clouds play.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"HIS LETTERS—AND HERS."

WOMEN'S letters and talks to one another are always long, but of very little interest. A man's letter of two pages may be full of the business and political topics that matter, whereas a woman's letter of eight pages contains two about Mrs. Brown's baby, two on the topic of Mrs. Jones's hat and the remaining four are invariably taken up with a full description of some absurd wedding.

CONTENTS.

NURSING HOMES.

I QUITE agree with the remarks of "Ramblor" about nursing homes, and I should much like to take a consensus of opinions from your readers about the intolerable discomfort and gross overcharges at most of these places. There are exceptions to every rule, but I have never yet met anyone who has once been to one of these homes—

MODERN LOVE.

Do the Men of To-day Sacrifice Romance to the Chance of Getting On?

AMONGST the scraps of foreign news in my paper yesterday I came upon the following:—"Herr Otto von Wesendcock is the first victim under the new rule of the German Diplomatic Service forbidding marriage with foreign women. Herr Wesendcock, secretary to the German Legation at Morocco, recently married a daughter of Count de Martens-Ferrao, the Portuguese Minister at Tangier, and was required to hand in his resignation. I understand that two of his colleagues of the Diplomatic Service who only became engaged to foreign women preferred to throw them over rather than interrupt their careers."

Here is a dilemma! Your correspondents have recently been complaining of the heartlessness of the women of to-day—or rather of their want of true feeling and "romance." But what woman, I ask, would ever throw over her love in favour of her career? I have never known such a case in a woman. In men they are frequent. A man is often willing to give up a woman he loves if for a moment she seems to stand in his way. A woman will never reject a man she cares for in that manner.

FAITHFUL.
Draycott-place, S.W.

I AM perplexed. I am in love with a most awfully modern young woman. In fact, we are engaged in a sort of way, but I cannot make out from her manner whether she loves me or not. If I happen to make any sloppy sort of complimentary remark (as is the way of a lover) she usually ejaculates "Ass!" or (with a slight laugh) "Fool!" I think if I am fairly, however, to say that one recent letter from her commenced "Dear old boy." Will your readers kindly inform me if this is the modern girl's way of showing her affection, and if I may hope that all will yet be well? I am afraid that I must subscribe myself

LATE VICTORIAN.
Warwick.

AS one of the girls who have often said "I shall never marry," I still remain saying so. I think a feeling of independence of all present-day men is very exhilarating. The majority of men to-day are too selfish. They are not worth trusting one's life with.

London. E. W.

I QUITE agree that, as a general rule, people who feel deeply rarely show their feelings openly. Nearly always when someone is demonstrative about his feelings it means he is insincere.

It may, however, be that love is an exception to this rule. Love is such a strong emotion that it will break down all the crust of habit and the coating of convention. And I think the man who manages to be in love in an impassive manner cannot really know the meaning of the word. Well, now, that isn't what I call being in love. Putney. M. H.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 19.—The anemones give us some of our most beautiful and graceful hardy flowers. To-day the brilliant scarlet blooms of fulgens (the wind-flower of the Pyrenees and Greece) light up the garden. These precious flowers should be grown in sheltered sunny spots and be protected during the winter in cold localities. Blanda (blue to white in many shades) is also out and makes a pretty carpet on the rockery.

Soon, too, the exquisite Apennine anemones (sky-blue), the double white (called "Jack in the Green"), our native woodland kind and its lovely varieties, and the yellow wood anemone will be found in bloom. And there are the splendid poppy anemones—and these may still be planted.

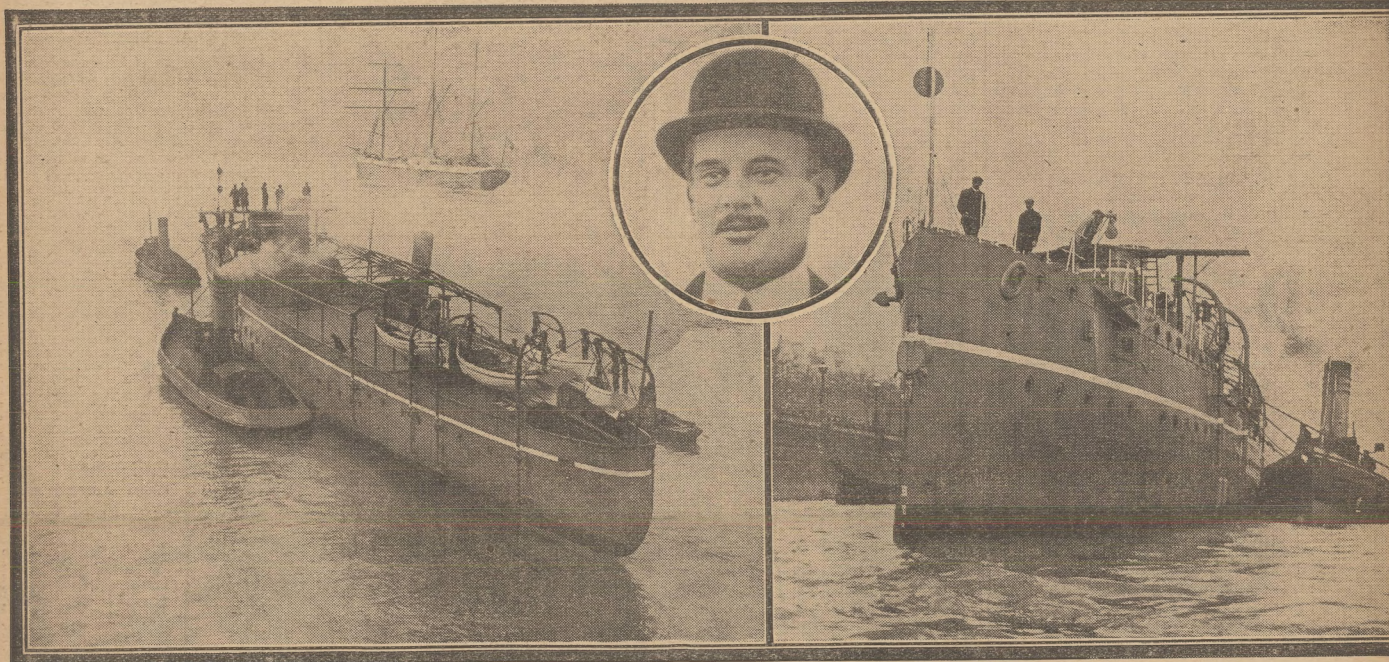
E. F. T.

WHAT WOULD YOU SELL FIRST?

IF I were very hard-up—in fact, I may say whenever I am hard-up—I should sell, and I do sell, jewellery. Jewellery is such a nuisance to keep. My pearl brooch and a diamond bracelet went long ago. I have never regretted them.

Beaufort-gardens, S.W. EXTRAVAGANT.

OLD GUNBOAT AS TRAINING SHIP IN THE THAMES.



A near view of the vessel.

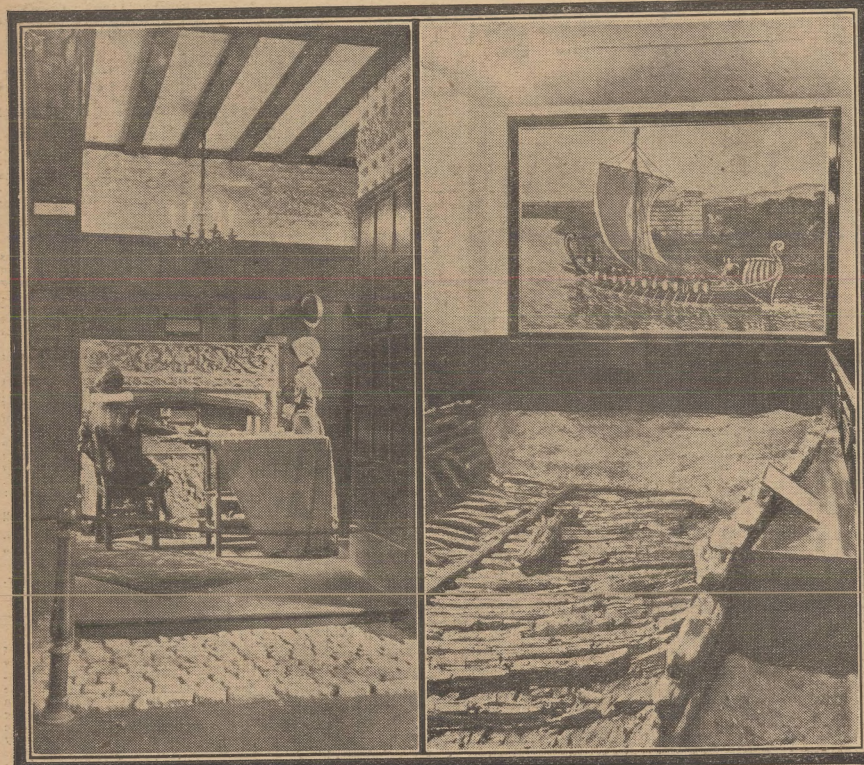
An old warship crept slowly up the Thames yesterday and was moored near Temple Pier, where she was the object of much interest to the people on the Embankment. Though rendered obsolete for defensive purposes by the rapid strides made in naval construction,

Lord Northampton.

she can still claim to be of use, and is to be employed as a training-ship. Lord Northampton, whose name the vessel bears, went on board to inspect her. She is a torpedo gunboat, formerly H.M.S. Sharpshooter.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

Moored opposite the Embankment.

THE LONDON MUSEUM IN ITS NEW HOME.



An Elizabethan inn, The Half Moon.

The remains of a Roman galley.

On Monday next the London Museum, which epitomises the history of the world's greatest city from the earliest ages, will be open to the public in its new home at Stafford House, St. James's.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

THE FLYING CORPS DEATH ROLL.



Captain C. R. W. Allen.



Captain P. Hamilton.



Lieut. T. J. Ridge.



Lt. Rogers-Harrison.



Lieutenant Hugh Treeby. He was killed in an aeroplane accident on August 1, 1911.



Lieut. Parke.



Captain Loraine.

Lieutenant Treeby, who was killed in an aeroplane accident on August 1, 1911, to lose his life since August, 1911. The

WELL-KNOWN WOMEN ACTING AS SHOP ASSISTANTS.



Viscountess Acheson.

Miss Asquith.

Lady Sheffield.

Lady Middleton.

Mrs. Goodenough.

Lady Diana Manners.

Charity benefited by a novel idea yesterday. A bazaar was held at Selfridge's in aid of the School for Mothers at Westminster, Poplar and Stepney, and at the head of every department was the bearer of a well-known name. Their assistants, too, were women prominent in

the social world, and included Miss Asquith, the daughter of the Prime Minister, and Lady Diana Manners, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. They spent a busy afternoon, as trade was very brisk.

ANOTHER FATALITY YESTERDAY.



scene of the recent fatalities.—(Flight.)



Lieut. Burroughs.



Lieut. D. L. Arthur.



Lieut. Bettington.



er. Captain Lushington. Lieut. Hotchkiss. Sergt.-Major Wilson. Main yesterday, is the sixteenth member of the Royal Flying Corps of other officers who have been killed.

M. CALMETTE AND HIS FAMILY.



M. Gaston Calmette, the editor of the Paris *Figaro*, who was shot dead by Mme. Caillaux, with a group of relatives. They include his mother, brothers and sons. M. Calmette is marked with a cross.—(Henri Manuel.)

Sore throat and bronchitis

Bronchitis is the most common of all winter ailments—dangerous to adults, but doubly dangerous to young children. Yet bronchitis is preventable. A course of SCOTT'S Emulsion will prevent cold or stop the cold from reaching the bronchial mucous membrane. In cases of chronic bronchitis SCOTT'S allays inflammation, eases the hacking cough and aids nature to effect a permanent cure.

"My little daughter was troubled with sore throat and bronchitis. She had no appetite and refused any nourishment. We gave SCOTT'S a trial, with astonishing results. It has completely restored her, and built her up to a fat little girl. She dances with delight when she sees the Scott's Emulsion bottle (and the man with the big fish) and asks her sister to taste." (Signed) Mrs. B. B. Chadwick, Baden Villa, 32 Westbourne Rd., Walsall. 30/11/12.



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MARK
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Package.

The constant winter danger of colds, coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, pleurisy, pneumonia or even consumption can be avoided by building up and strengthening every part of the body with

SCOTT'S Emulsion

Not a secret remedy—it is a palatable, easily-digested combination of the world's purest cod liver oil with strength-making hypophosphites and purest glycerine. In every part of the civilised world SCOTT'S Emulsion is approved by doctors. During 39 years it has maintained its reputation as the best builder-up for man, woman and child. Avoid inferior imitations by seeing the trade mark on the package.

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PRAGUE HAM SAUSAGE. The very finest Ham Sausage, of most delicate mild flavour ... lb. 2/6
FINEST GERMAN HAM SAUSAGE lb. 1/4
FINEST LIVER SAUSAGE ... lb. 1/4
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BRUNSWICK METTWURST ... lb. 1/6
FRANKFORT SAUSAGES (for boiling) pair 4d.

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Glass of 4 pairs ... 1/-
Tin of 6 pairs ... 1/-

If you have never tasted Appenrodt's Sausages send P.O. 5/-, upon receipt of which assortment A1 will be sent you post free:

3 Pairs Frankfort Sausages.
1 Ham Sausage.
1 Liver Sausage.
2 Pairs Sausagettes.
1lb. Smoked Brawn.

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Maccaroni à l'Italienne. Glass, 8d.
Beef à la mode, Risotto aux foies de volaille Tripes sautées Lyonnaise, Foie de veau à l'Italienne, Escaloppe Hongroise, Bœuf sauté Bourgeoise, Curried Kidneys and Rice, Curried Mutton and Rice. Glass, 1/-
Braised Ox Tongue (Sauce Piquante), Maitre d'Angouilles, Blanquette de Veau aux Nouilles. Glass, 1/2
Gulyás of Veal and Spaghetti, Calves Head en Tortue, Irish Stew, Pickled Pork and Beans, Haricot Oxtail, Navarin de Mouton, Jugged Hare, Tripes à la Mode de Caen. Glass, 1/4

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1 glass Beef à la Mode.
1 glass Maccaroni à l'Italienne.
1 glass Escaloppe à la Hongroise.
1 glass Tripes à la Mode de Caen.
1 glass Curried Kidneys and Rice.

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The Most Delicious Sauce in the World!

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OUR SERIAL: BE SURE AND BEGIN THIS STORY TO-DAY. THE MOST INTIMATE STORY EVER WRITTEN. OUR SERIAL:

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

ELAINE CASSILLIS, a radiantly happy young bride, addresses her husband.

ROBERT CASSILLIS, who goes daily to the City to his business. One day she discovers that he is receiving a passionate love letter from—

AGATHA EBBRON, a pretty woman, a few years older than herself. Robert explains that Miss Ebbtron will pour her heart into his business, and, owing to a technical breach of the law, it is in her power to have a warrant issued for his arrest.

Robert is made bankrupt and goes abroad to avoid arrest. Elaine's heart is broken, and she is impelled to go to her. He tells her that he owes his ruin to an unscrupulous trade rival.

TIFFANY RILEY, and it transpires that Miss Ebbtron is in his pay. Elaine goes to Miss Ebbtron, gets employment as a typist in Tiffany Riley's office. One day Miss Ebbtron calls, and before she enters Tiffany Riley tells Elaine to hide behind a screen and take down all that Miss Ebbtron says.

Tiffany Riley tells Miss Ebbtron he has no further need of her services, and adds that he himself has had a man sent from Scotland Yard to arrest Robert Cassillis. When Elaine returns to her lodging Robert has already been arrested. He is defended by his friend.

PETER ROSS, a barrister, but is found guilty of misappropriating £5,000 and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

Elaine continues to work for Tiffany Riley. During pressure of work she goes in the evening to his luxurious house in Berkeley-square. One evening she overhears him on the telephone, and during his absence his wife approaches him and says, "Why do you work under a false name? Your real name is Mr. Robert Cassillis."

"AM I CAUGHT?"

WE remained as we were—Mrs. Riley, her fingers twinkling with jewels, still stood with her hand upon the table—still remained with her head bent slightly forward looking into my face. She knew who I was, and she had uttered my real name.

Could I deny her accusation? I was looking into her strange eyes, and I knew instinctively that denial would be impossible! Her swift words, thrust at me before I was sufficiently able to defend myself, had evaded my guilt. I was gathering myself together with the idea of attempting a forlorn hope of defence when Mr. Riley entered the room.

He crossed towards us over the noiseless carpet and stood looking from me to my wife for a minute. His eyebrows drew themselves together, and the characteristic thrusting forward of his head and lowering of his chin came into evidence.

"Rose," he said in a voice that retained a semblance of conventional politeness, "Rose, can't you realise that Miss Graham and I are busy?"

Mrs. Riley looked at him, then back at me. "I was merely saying, Tiffany—" she began.

"I don't care what you were saying! Miss Graham doesn't want to hear you speaking, she's busy and I'm busy!"

The brutality of his tone caused my blood to tingle even in that moment of suspense. Mrs. Riley's gentleness and submission amazed me. She turned to me.

"Do you mind," she said, "if I play the piano a little?"

"I can transcribe quite well," I said, "while you play, and I am very fond of music."

With that I sat down and drew my book towards me.

Tiffany Riley flung himself on a low sofa near the hearth, and Mrs. Riley, in her dress of elegant grey velvet, crossed the floor to the piano.

My heart drummed within me!

She knew who I was! Every movement she made, every word she uttered, was charged with an intense, a dread significance. Why had she mentioned the piano thus suddenly? Her attitude maddened me by its obscurity. In my heart I knew she was aware that Tiffany Riley was growing rapidly to care for me. What was her attitude towards that fact? Was she waiting with feline cruelty to spring at me and reveal the truth of my identity to him at some unexpected moment? How long had she known who I was? How long would she be before she told my name to her husband, as she was bound to do?

Was she holding back out of a desire to torture me through suspense? What were the thoughts that passed behind those mysterious, brilliant eyes of hers?

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It becomes thick, wavy, lustrous, and all dandruff disappears.

Try a "Danderine Hair Cleanse" if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; this will clear the roots of dust, dirt, or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant, and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and luxuriance.

Besides beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a 1s. 1½d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any Chemist and try it as directed.—(Advt.)

For a minute or two as she moved towards the piano a thought of rushing wildly away passed through my mind! And yet somehow I could not go—I was, as it were, chained to the spot. . . .

Tiffany Riley spoke to me—his voice was pleasant. For once he, who had deceived and tricked possibly scores of people, was being tricked and deceived himself! His wife knew who I was, but he did not!

Mrs. Riley seated herself at the piano. A faint click broke the silence of the room, and the music—her voice—began to play before my presence. For a minute my eyes were drawn from my work towards the piano, with its honey-coloured panels, its delicate Watteau and Fragonard-like paintings. Beyond the piano I saw the pale face, the dark, sensitive eyes, of Mrs. Riley. She was looking at me, and in the light of the lamp the pearl and diamond collar that encircled her throat twinkled with hard brilliance. Then she began to play.

She had never played before in my presence, but I had known from her talk that it was her one passion in life. How enigmatical, how mysterious, she was! What a contrast from the hard, ruthless man, her husband! She, who was so fragile, whose simple, uncoined cheeks and worn-out, became a different creature when her fingers touched the keys of the piano. What she played I did not know—I was too busy with my own thoughts, too intensely occupied in wondering what I should do. She knew—Mrs. Riley knew! And at any moment she might raise her hand and point across the instrument.

"Tiffany," she might say, "you think that it is Mrs. Cassillis spying on you!"

When I had gone through my notes and corrected here and there, I laid down my pen and felt my whole being drawn towards the music.

Tiffany Riley spoke in a low voice.

"Are you fond of music?"

"Passionately fond," I answered.

And again I listened. And the crashing and startling notes that had at first attracted my attention melted into a low and seductive harmony. And it was then I recognised the power of Mrs. Riley over the piano, her complete mastery over the instrument, her capacity of conveying her meaning through it. She was talking to me—not in words, but in subtle cadences.

Whenever I glanced up I saw her wide, startled-looking eyes fixed on mine; and she nodded her head rhythmically to the music. A sensation of terror seized me! There was something mysterious and uncanny about it all. Was it true or was it my imagination, that she was whispering confidences to me that we two desolate and broken-hearted women were in union—that there was sympathy, even a definite bond of sympathy, between us?

No—it could not be! The whole thing must be a chance created in my mind as a result of ovine. I was wrought and fevered eyes were still upon me. She was playing, playing dreamily and softly now. And every note seemed to beat on my heart, and, for a fraction of time, the full realisation of my position there left me. I forgot the imminence of exposure, and I thought of Robert and of Robert's boy, and the glory of our first days of marriage. The hardness that had descended upon my character melted, and a passionate impulse to burst into tears seized me, and was checked magically.

The whole thing had been produced by the music. I was enthralled. Mrs. Riley had achieved a strange and terrifying mastery over me. And the music was changing into violence and battle, and cries, and the thunder of artillery succeeded the tender notes.

Then the clamour suddenly vanished, and liquid, far away, mocking voices came to me. Her eyes were turned upon my face—she moved her head rhythmically to the mocking tones. And again terror seized me. For her eyes left mine, travelled to her husband's face and back again. . . .

Terror seized me. What if the whole scene had been arranged between her husband and herself? I was the victim in some secret and diabolical plot—if I had misread this burnt-out woman of the wide, strange eyes?

I took in a deep breath and looked towards Tiffany Riley. He had risen and was advancing towards me.

Then, with the quickness of thought, the music stopped. Mrs. Riley had ceased playing. Her power over me was at an end—the spell was broken!

Tiffany Riley was speaking.

"I'll see you to the door, Miss Graham," he said, "and I'll sign those letters in the morning."

I gathered up my book and looked again towards the piano.

"Good-night, Mrs. Riley," I murmured.

I found difficulty in framing the words. If she intended to expose me in her husband's presence she would do it now.

"Good-night," she answered, but she made no attempt to rise from the piano, and as her husband held open the drawing-room door for me to pass out I heard again soft, low, mocking notes—flute-like, but ever after dwelt in my memory as something sinister and hateful.

"I CONFER WITH PARSONS."

PARSONS occupied one room in an excessively dirty-looking house in Long Acre. The room was on the ground-floor at the back, and by daylight possessed a view of a blank wall and nothing else.

It was ten o'clock at night when I knocked, and opening Parsons's door found him sitting at a table with a great litter of white envelopes before him and a lamp at his elbow. He was addressing the envelopes with astounding rapidity, and he scarcely stopped his work as I stepped into the room.

Then, in the light of the feeble lamp, he recognised me.

"Mrs. Cassillis!" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Cassillis!"

He was astounded to find me there.

After leaving Tiffany Riley's house I had made my way immediately to Parsons. The thought that Mrs. Riley must have discovered my identity, that at any moment she might discover me to her husband did not occupy me, my single thought was to get to Parsons and to frustrate Tiffany Riley.

If by the morning Tiffany Riley knew who I was, I knew I must face the bitterest kind of poverty—poverty without a reference.

But the thought of Robert drove that out of my mind. Somehow or other the boy and I would be able to survive.

The list which Tiffany Riley so badly wanted to obtain from Parsons must be of importance. If it was of great value to Tiffany Riley, it must be of equal value to Robert, therefore I was determined to save it for him!

But when I saw old Parsons even poorer than myself my heart failed me. It seemed ridiculous to expect him to make a stand against the pressure that would be brought to bear by Riley. And yet there was his loyalty to consider—his splendid loyalty to Robert.

I took the old fellow's outstretched hand in mine and pressed it cordially. "Something has happened, and I want you to help me."

He peered at me through his glasses.

"It's not news about Mr. Robert, madam?" he asked anxiously. "I shook my head."

Mr. Ross has not been able to do anything yet."

"Ah! What a shame—what a shame! I was in court, ma'am, through it all, and when the Judge passed his sentence I couldn't stand it. 'You heard me go to my room, and called out, 'a confounded shame—a confounded shame!' He shook his head thoughtfully. 'The Judge was very angry. He pointed at me and said it was contempt of court, but I was determined to have my say—and I did!'

He broke off again, and moving the light of the lamp nearer, looked again into my face.

"Mr. Robert has a brave wife, ma'am," he said, "if you'll forgive me being so personal."

"Of course, I'll forgive you," I said, smiling. "And how are you getting on yourself, Parsons?"

"Oh, splendidly!" He waved his old hand towards the pile of envelopes. "Four-and-six a thousand!"—a shy smile came into his eyes. "Of course, they didn't know how fast I could write!"

"But you can't earn much at that!" I protested. "I can earn enough to keep a roof over my head, ma'am, and that's all I want until Mr. Robert comes back—"

He stopped, startled at having mentioned the subject that was so near to both our hearts.

But was resolved to face it.

"And what do you intend to do when Mr. Robert comes back?"

"Make him start again!" said the old man suddenly and sharply. "Make him start again, and fight, and fight, and fight! Mr. Robert! I haven't any friends—but he'll see. Bless you, I've got a list of all the staff, and they'll come back, every man Jack of them!"

He had turned to me, and I should seat myself upon his only chair, and he made himself comfortable on a round-top, dilapidated old trunk.

"Mr. Parsons," I said, "Mr. Tiffany Riley is going to offer you a position in his office."

"El?"

"His politeness, his deep respect, and—I must confess it, vain as it may seem—his admiration of me was forgotten in his surprise."

"You will accept a letter," "in the morning offering you a position in his office. The real reason of the offer is that he wants to get possession of something you have belonging to my husband—a list of clients."

"Oh, no!" Parsons ejaculated, and relapsed into silence.

"He sets great store on the possession of this list, and he believes you'll give it up to him."

"For a long minute there was silence, and Mr. Parsons brooded with his eyes on the floor."

"I've been expecting him to make a move about that list all along. He's tried to get it again and again. And he can try till he's black in the face, but never a sight of it will he have—never while I live, Mrs. Cassillis!"

Suddenly he looked up at me, and then stealthily at the closed door.

"I never," he said, tapping the trunk on which he sat and speaking in a whisper, "I never let his out of my sight! It's in there, ma'am, and when Tiffany Riley pulled down Mr. Robert I knew the first thing he'd do was to get our list. And I took and hid it—and I hid it!"

And he looked at me, and then he said, "Mr. Robert comes out, and then we'll start in business again, and if it's God's will we'll win the day!"

He had risen and stood before me with his hands clenched at his side, and his face alight with animation.

I stared at him somewhat bewildered.

"Until lately, Mr. Parsons," I said, "I knew nothing of business matters—I'm afraid I know very little now, but I can't understand about this list you and Mr. Riley seem to set such store by."

Parsons looked at me for a long time thoughtfully.

"When Mr. Robert went to prison," he said, "I said to myself, 'Parsons, Parsons, you old rascal, you must look after his business, so you needn't be afraid, ma'am, that Mr. Riley can tempt me, whatever salary he offers.'"

"I was not afraid for a moment that he could tempt you," I said, "and I think it's dear and splendid of you to be so loyal to Mr. Cassillis. Of course," I added, "it would be very difficult not to be loyal to him."

And as for the list, "went on Parsons, with a thoughtful glance at the old trunk. "I must tell you all about it, and what it means. But it isn't really the list," he went on, "that is so important to us—it's the patent itself."

"You mean my husband's patent?"

(Continued on page 13.)

SICKLY SIGNS OF SPRING.

Spring ailments are real, troublesome disorders. Even the most robust people find a long spell of winter weather trying to the health. Too much indoor life, often in heated rooms or stuffy places of amusement, taxes the vitality of the strongest. Then the blood becomes thin, watery and clogged with impurities. Some people have headaches and a feeling of languor; others are low-spirited and nervous. Still others are troubled with disfiguring pimples and skin eruptions, while almost everybody gets up in the morning tired out.

These are all spring symptoms that the blood is out of order, and that a spring tonic is needed. Some people fly to purgatives—a great mistake. You cannot cure yourself with a drastic aperient that leaves you weaker still. That is all a purgative does. What you need to give you health and strength in the spring is a tonic that will enrich your blood and soothe your jangled nerves; and the one always reliable tonic and blood-cleanser is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills not only banish spring weakness, but guard you against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anemia, nervous exhaustion, indigestion, rheumatism and other diseases due to disordered blood.

Mr. W. E. Matthews, of 125 Bassett-street, Woodgate, Leicester, states:—"For some time my blood had been out of order and my system very low; pimples came out on my face; my stomach became disordered and I could scarcely sleep at nights because of nervousness. So I sent for a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After a few days of these Pills my appetite became keen, and I had more pluck and energy. As I persevered with the Pills my blood was renewed, the pimples disappeared, and I was restored to the best of health."

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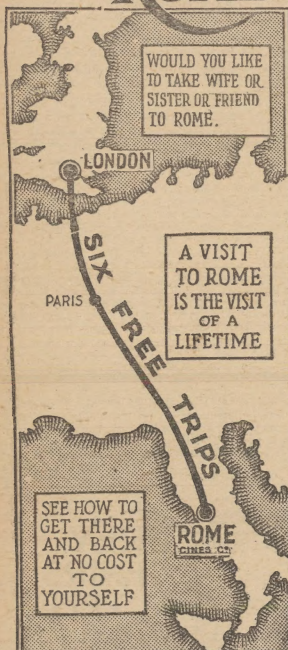
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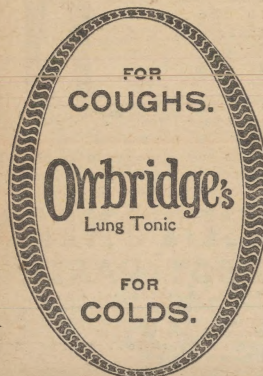
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TWO "DAILY MIRROR" DRESS DISPLAYS:

Art of Dyeing at To-day's Show of New Colours and Materials.

What is it that makes one dress material hard and durable and another soft and fragile? Between the two extremes there is a wide range of minute degrees, but every material which is made, whether for a delicate ball gown or a rough knockabout tweed suit, has its particular purpose.

At this afternoon's demonstration on "The New Colours and the New Materials of the Season," at Messrs. Wallis's, Holborn-circus, E.C., *Daily Mirror* professors in our academy of shopping will explain all these differences.

Mr. R. W. Sindall, F.C.S., one of the great authorities in the laboratory of dress, will show, in a causerie entitled "From Fibre to Fabric," how extraordinary differences in texture are brought about by varying—first, the amount of twist in the thread; second, the fineness of the thread employed; and third, the closeness of the threads in weaving.

What is it that gives the wiry, "crinkly" effect so familiar in crêpe de Chine? Mr. Sindall explains exactly how it is woven.

THE "CRINKLY" EFFECT.

"The warp threads—that is to say, the longwise threads are thicker," he says, "than the weft or crosswise threads, and are usually single, untwisted threads. The weft threads, on the other hand, are double threads twisted together, and when the fabric is taken out from the loom and the tension consequently removed the twisted double threads contract slightly and 'pull up' the single, untwisted threads.

"It is this which gives the crinkly effect to all materials of the crêpe and crepon class."

It is amazing how many changes the scientific manufacturer of to-day is able to bring on the three fibres at his disposal—cotton, silk and wool. By varying the method of weaving, the chemical treatment and the number of materials employed in one fabric, he is able to provide the great drapery houses with an ever-ending procession of materials.

This is how new names find their way into the vocabulary of dress, and Mr. Sindall, with model looms and dye-pots, will show how it is done. Women readers who wish to hear the whole romantic story of dress and see for themselves the effects in the beautiful new materials and colours with which the costume department of Wallis's will be arrayed should make a point of arriving as early as they can. The lecture-demonstration begins at three o'clock.

GOOD-BYE TO BOTHER OF SLASHED SKIRTS.

Vogue of Pleated Underskirts Removes Objection to Slit-up Dresses.

I have sketched this week a very fascinating model gown given by a world-famous Paris dress-maker. It represents the latest ideas of an up-to-



An effective and inexpensive costume in Chinese blue "taffetas mystère," lined with cyclamen-pink charmeuse.

Historic Revivals a Feature of Great Albert Hall Demonstration.

Many historic revivals will be illustrated in the charming collection of gowns which are to form such a feature of Wednesday's great *Daily Mirror* Dress Matinee at the Albert Hall.

Some of the creations, which combine the height of modern fashion with the picturesque past, which will be worn by an army of graceful mannequins, will be—

LOUIS XIV.—Mme. Pompadour, sponsor to innumerable modes, was the presiding genius of fashion then, and this period of dress will be illustrated by a charming Pompadour evening gown in turquoise blue. The wearer will have a powdered coiffure and carry a tall crook in her hand.

LOUIS XVI.—Another evening gown in rich metal brocade trimmed with gold.

1820.—The beginning of what are known as early Victorian modes, though Queen Victoria was then still a princess. The dainty blue tulle gown, typical of this period, is frilled with taffetas ruffles—taffetas is one of the most popular of the season's revivals—and the wearer will have a single pink rose tucked into the corsage.

1880.—A walking gown, in lavender-colour gros grain silk, will show many typical modes of the early eighties, a period which gave us the bustle, of which there is more than a suggestion in some of the latest draping schemes. Brilliant one-colour dress scheme—cherry gown, hat, sunshade, shoes, gloves and everything to match.

1914.—Bride's gown of ivory mer de glace, with full court train of silver embroidered alion. Bridesmaid's dress of pale blue crêpe de Chine.

The three most beautiful women of their respective types—Miss Peggy Molynceux, the Countess Mèho and Mrs. Asquith Harrison—wearing beau-

"DAILY MIRROR" DEMONSTRATIONS

TO-DAY.—"All the new colours and new Dress and Silk Materials of the Season." At Messrs. Wallis's, Holborn-circus, E.C., at 3 p.m. Free lessons in dyeing by Mr. R. W. Sindall, F.C.S. No tickets necessary.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—Dress Matinee, Royal Albert Hall, 3 p.m. Parade of the newest creations of London and Paris. Exposition of the science of costume. Programme of music and dance. Write to-day for free tickets to *The Daily Mirror* Offices, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

tiful Paquin gowns, will be present to receive their prizes in the recent Sandow beauty competition. Women who wish to be present at this wonderful dress display and enjoy an unrivalled programme of music and dance should write to-day for free tickets.

Letters should be addressed to *The Daily Mirror* Offices, Boulevard-street, E.C., marked "Dress Matinee" in the top left-hand corner.

date Parisian, but you will easily realise that it is free from exaggeration. It is, in fact, just the sort of gown a pretty girl would like to wear at a smart restaurant-tea or for visiting.

The material was "taffetas mystère"—one of the new silken stuffs which has a sort of ripple, like moire, all over its surface. The colour was Chinese blue, and the dainty little blouse was in a subtle shade of cyclamen-pink chiffon, while the collar of the coatee was turned over with cyclamen-pink charmeuse. There was a large fancy button in blue enamel, inset with steel, on the coat.

COPIED IN DIFFERENT MATERIALS.

This is a model which I can strongly recommend, because it might be copied in several different materials. It would look charming, for example, in moonlight-blue ratine or chiffon cloth, with the collar turned back with japonica-pink satin; or in black charmeuse, with blouse and coat linings in turquoise-blue taffetas.

The little coatee shown in this sketch is one of the latest Paris designs. It is loose enough to seem almost shapeless, but, on the figure, it looks most attractive. For anyone who has fallen a victim to the Médicis-collar fever I recommend an inner vest of plain white linen, finished at the neck with the collar in question.

PLEATED SKIRT EVERYWHERE.

In Paris it is a case of pleated skirt and yet again pleated skirt. Those who have been taking so much trouble over the inartistic "slit-up" dresses might just as well have sat still and waited. For Paris herself has settled this vexed question.

Finely pleated underskirts are now worn with all sorts of draped dresses, and it matters very little whether the latter are "slit-up" or merely draped "up." This new outline is entirely satisfactory. It will satisfy persons of artistic taste who take delight in things purely feminine. It will also please those who demand that women's clothes shall be thoroughly practical.

The pleated skirt—accordion or otherwise—is easily made and inexpensive, and the same underskirt can be made to accompany several draped-over dresses.

PARISIENNE.



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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI, Strand. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Musical Production, **THE GIRL FROM UTAH.** Matinee, Every Sat. at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2645 and 5886 Ger.

ALDWYCH—THE EVER OPEN DOOR. Evenings, at 8. Matinee, Wednesdays, 2.30.

AMASSADOR'S. To-night, at 8.30. **TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA.** ANNA KARENINA. Matinee, Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Regent 2890, 4938.)

APOLLO. At 8.50, CHARLES HAWTREY in NEVER SAY DIE, by W. H. Post. At 8.30, "The Quod Wrangle." Matinee (both plays), Sat., at 2.30.

COMEDY. THE TYRANNY OF TEARS. LAST 3 PERFORMANCES.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. Last Mat. To-morrow (Sat.), at 2.30.

CRITERION. Nightly, at 9, "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS," by Cyril Harcourt. Allans Aynsworth, Lottie Vonne, Sam Southern, Edith Bell. At 8.30, "State Secrets." Matinee, Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

DALY'S THEATRE. TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production. **THE MARRIAGE MARKET.** A Musical Play, in 3 Acts.

DRURY LANE. SEALED ORDERS. By Messrs Raleigh and Hamilton. TO-NIGHT, 7.45. Fanny Braght, Kenneth Douglas, C. M. Hallard. Box-office, Fri., 2.58 Ger. Matinee, Weds., at 2.

DUKE OF YORK'S. To-night, at 8.30. Charles Frohman presents THE LAND OF PROMISE, by W. S. Maugham. MATINEE EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

GAIETY. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production, **AFTER THE GIRL.** Matinee Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.

GARRICK. At 8.45, Louis Meyer presents **WHOS THE LADY.** At 8.15 (Mats. 2.15). "The Quod Wrangle." Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.45.

GLOBE. TO-NIGHT, at 8, OSCAR ASCHE and LILY BRAYTON in KISMET, by Edward Knoblauch. MATINEE, WEDS. and SATS., at 2.15.

HAYMARKET. WITHIN THE LAW. To-night, at 8. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. 8.30, "A Dear Little Wife." Mat. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. **THE DARLING OF THE GODS** (Last Time). HERBERT TREE. MARIE LOHE. Matinee, Weds. and Sat., at 2.15. Ger. 1777.

KINGSWAY—THE GREAT ADVENTURE. by Arnold Bennett. 8.20. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE THEATRE, John-st., Strand. At 9, KENNEL FOSSE presents "MAGIC," by G. & G. GIBBERTON. At 8.30, "The Music Cure," by BERNARD SHAW. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. (LAST WEEKS.)

LYCEUM—YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU. Nightly, 7.45. Mats., WED. and SAT., 2.30. NEW DRAMA, by Percy Gordon Holmes. Produced by Walter and Fredk. Melville. Prices, 6d. to 5s. Ger. 7617-8.

NEW. At 8.15, THE JOY RIDE LADY. Music by JEAN GILBERT. MATS., SATS., at 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. To-night, 9. Miss MARIE TEMPEST presents THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY. At 8.30, Mr. Warwick Pryce. Mats., Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-NIGHT, at 8.45. BROADWAY JONES, by George N. Cohen. Proceeded at 8 by "The Model and the Man." MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

PRINCES—NIGHTLY. at 8. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30. WALTER HOWARDS' New Romantic Play, **THE STORY OF THE BEARY.** Prices, 6d. to 5s. 5887 Ger.

ROYALTY. At 8.50, "PEGGY AND HER HUSBAND." At 8.15, "Acid Drops." DENNIS MADIE, GLADYS COOPER. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. Gaston Mayer presents a Great New Actor in a Great New Play, WALKER WHITESIDE in THE MELTING POT, by Israel Zangwill. Evenings, 8.15. Mat., Weds. and Sat., 2.30. Ger. 9437.

ST. JAMES'S. THE TWO VIRTUES, by ALFRED SUTRO. TO-NIGHT, at 9. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MARTHA HEDMAN. At 8.30, "A Social Success." Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

SAVOY. TO-NIGHT, at 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

STRAND. To-night, at 9, Louis Meyer presents MR. WU, a New Anglo-Chinese Play. MATHESON LANG. LILLIAN BRATHWAITE. 8.30, THE ENTERTAINERS. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S. To-night, at 8, DIPLOMACY, by Victorien Sardou. MATS., WEDS., SATS., at 2.

SHAFESBURY. THE PEARL GIRL. MUSICAL COMEDY. TO-NIGHT, at 8. MAT., WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

VAUDEVILLE, Strand. To-night, at 9. HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND, by Richard Pryce. From Arnold Bennett's Novel. At 8.15, "The Rest Cure," by G. E. Jennings. Mat., Weds. and Sat., at 2.15.

ALHAMBRA. KEEP SMILING. A Revue, MAIN STAIRCASE. Varieties, 8.15. Revue. 8.55. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2.15. Reduced prices.

HIPPODROME. Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. "HULLO, TANGO!" Ethel Lever, Shirley Kelling, Harry Tate, Gerald Kirby, Freddie Gerrard, Morris Harvey, etc. etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 650 Ger.

PALACE.—WILKIE BARD, EVIE GREENE, BARCLAY GAMMON, VERNON WATSON, MIKA MIKUY, GENERAL LA VINE. Mats., WED., SAT., at 2. Evgs., 8.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.10, MON., WED., and SAT., 2.30, 6.10 and 9.10. RUTH VINCENT, BARCLAY GAMMON, HETTY KING, ERNIE LOTINGA, PHIL RAY, FOLLIES, RAMESES, SAMMY SHIELDS.

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MR. BALFOUR HURRIES BACK



Mr. Balfour, who has made a hurried return to England, landing at Dover yesterday. The white patch shows where he was injured by the stone while motoring.

NEVER WEARS STOCKINGS



Miss Rix, a market gardener, of Storrington, who never wears stockings, no matter how cold. Without help she converted a piece of common into a garden.

STRIPED DRESS VOGUE.



A very smart gown of blue and white striped satin, with blue velvet collar and cuffs. The skirt has a double tunic, and is drawn in at the feet with a cord lattice. The hats get smaller and the trimmings higher.—(Photograph, Felix.)

GIRLS PLAY FOOTBALL FOR CHARITY AT PORTSMOUTH.



The crowd watching the game.



An exciting moment in the goal-mouth.



The local goalkeeper.

There were two charity football matches played at Portsmouth yesterday, one of them being "Local Ladies v. Lady Artists." There were even "lineswomen," the only man being the referee, Mr. Lawson. There was an excellent crowd, who loudly applauded the players.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)